

FIFTY-TWO
MEMORY HYMNS

HENRY W. WARREN

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Charles H. J. Truman

2-18-10

Learn a verse or two every day. Compel the memory to grasp and retain a whole stanza with one reading. Verse 2 is an easy example. Repeat often.

*"O, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!"*

—C. WESLEY.

FIFTY-TWO MEMORY HYMNS

TO

ENRICH DICTION,
ENLARGE THOUGHT,
STRENGTHEN MEMORY,
GIVE WINGS TO FAITH,
INCULCATE DOCTRINE AND DUTY,
AND TUNE LIFE TO SWEET MELODIES
SET TO LOFTIEST SONGS.

SELECTED BY
BISHOP HENRY WHITE WARREN



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FOREWORD

IN 1903 thousands of persons sent me their pledge to learn a hymn to be published in the papers once a fortnight. Having crossed the wide Pacific, and going into Manila in October of that year, a steam yacht put off to meet us. The crowd on board was dressed in white, and we wondered who they could be, till they struck up the memory hymn of the week:

“There’s a wideness in God’s mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea.”

In Manila I heard 1,700 Christians sing, like the voice of many waters, in a general Love Feast. They had but thirty-six hymns translated into their language, but they knew them all. Thirty-six hymns known are better than a thousand not known.

The first thing a pious Jew taught his child was that glorious Shema, Deut. vi, 4: “Hear, O Israel: The Lord, our God, is one God: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.” Doubtless it was the first word of the Hebrew Scriptures that Jesus learned. The essence of Scripture has sung itself into over

thirty thousand hymns. One a week treasured in the mind is worth the whole thirty thousand treasured in a book.

The hymns of this book are arranged in a definite order, and give a system of theology, the plan of salvation, the expression of a perfect faith, a guide for life and a glimpse of glory.

The future rectitude and happiness of those who have such sentiments and songs singing in their hearts might be almost guaranteed.

This book should be put into the hands of individuals, families, classes, etc.

HENRY WHITE WARREN.

FIFTY-TWO
MEMORY HYMNS

THOMAS BLACKLOCK

BORN 1721

DIED 1791

This Scotch pastor was blind the whole seventy years of his life, except the first six months. Yet he obtained a good education, and wrote voluminously. He created the "radiant spheres" in his own imagination, and "devotion's lofty wing" raised his soul to see "Our Maker's grand designs."

A CALL TO WORSHIP

COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But O what tongue can speak His fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears ;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around Him shine.

In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines ;
His works, through all this wondrous frame.
Declare the glory of His name.

Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, His glories sing ;
And let His praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE

BORN 1785

DIED 1806

This hymn has poetic fervor and lofty imagination. Its author was born in lowly life, was at first a skeptic, but having been converted studied for the ministry, but died before entering it.

MAJESTY AND PROVIDENCE

THE Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey His will ;
He speaks, and in His heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar ;
The Lord uplifts His awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

Ye winds of night, your force combine ;
Without His high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

His voice sublime is heard afar ;
In distant peals it dies ;
He yokes the whirlwind to His car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend ;
Ye monarchs, wait His nod ;
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

FREDERICK W. FABER

BORN 1814

DIED 1863

Seas, mountains, sun, and stars are symbols of the greater power that created them. They become words. Their vastness, power and brilliancy faintly hint the greater qualities which called them into being. Faber was a minister of the Church of England from 1837 to 1845; A priest of the Roman Catholic Church afterward.

KEEPING MERCY FOR THOUSANDS

THERE 's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea ;
There 's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good ;
There is mercy with the Savior ;
There is healing in His blood.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind ;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

JOHN NEWTON

BORN 1725

DIED 1807

Having learned the power and mercy of God, the loving trust of man fittingly follows. This author was changed by the grace of God from lowest profligacy to highest saintliness.

The hymn is founded on God's promise, Gen. 22:14.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."

The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 't is written, "The Lord will provide."

No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' name:
In this our strong tower, for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of His grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing nor doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."

JOHN CAWOOD

BORN 1775

DIED 1852

*Twice the angel throngs have shouted
over our earth: once when the morn-
ing stars sang together for the first time,
and now when the Bright Morning Star
ushers in the perfect day. We have the
words. O that we had the notes of
the pean! How cumulatively this hymn
follows those preceding.*

THE ANNUN- CIATION

HARK ! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo ! the angelic host rejoices ;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
“Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high !

“ Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found ;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven !
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

“ Christ is born, the great Anointed ;
Heaven and earth His praises sing ;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

“ Hasten, mortals, to adore Him ;
Learn His name, and taste His joy ;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
‘Glory be to God most high!’ ”

ALFRED TENNYSON

BORN 1809

DIED 1892

The keynote of Tennyson's poetry is, "I feel." Feeling has just as inalienable rights as thinking. It is the source of more action and life than thinking. It begins earlier, lasts longer, rises higher. It is truly said, God is love. It is never said, God is thought.

THE HUMAN AND DIVINE CHRIST

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we can not prove;

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die:
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

BORN 1807

DIED 1892

*Wise and happy is the man who can
test his life by the life of the Perfect One.
The Quaker poet believes in the "inner
light" of God in man. So Christ says,
"Lo, I am with you always." Every
man may have his Galilee where he
goes about doing good, and his Olives
where faith changes to sight by an ascen-
sion.*

A PRESENT HELPER

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine!

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

BORN 1091

DIED 1153

This hymn is extracted from a poem of fifty stanzas, and is one of the finest poems in any language. The Knights of the Second Crusade used to sing it around the Holy Sepulcher in the Old Jerusalem. It is fit to be sung around the Throne in the New.

THE SWEETEST NAME

JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast ;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Savior of mankind !

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind Thou art !
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be ;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY

BORN 1707

DIED 1788

Only infinite love could make such sacrifice. Spirits of just men made perfect recognize the value of the legal tender and sing, "Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood." Value is measured by price. Heaven was beggared of its King to pay it. We can not measure it, but we can accept it.

SPIRITUAL LEGAL TENDER

O LOVE DIVINE, what hast Thou done !
The incarnate God hath died for me !
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree !
The Son of God for me hath died :
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

Behold Him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace !
Come, sinners, see your Savior die,
And say, was ever grief like His ?
Come, feel with me His blood applied :
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

Then let us sit beneath His cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream ;
All things for Him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to Him :
Of nothing think or speak beside :
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

ISAAC WATTS

BORN 1674

DIED 1748

This is the best hymn of the "Father of English Hymnody." It is the human response of its all for God's all, His unspeakable gift. Christ's being lifted up draws all hearts to Him.

THE HEART'S RESPONSE TO THE CROSS

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HENRY WARE, JR.

BORN 1794

DIED 1848

This is Boston's best. Unitarianism rises to the height of the Methodist shout, "Glory to God." The bounding, dactylic measure of this hymn makes it easy to learn and repeat. Hints of resurrection have been many,—butterflies, wheat, etc.—but here is demonstration. Christ is the first fruits. The full harvest follows, made up of them that are Christ's.

SHOUT THE VICTORY OVER DEATH

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man can not die;
Vain were the terrors that gathered around Him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound Him,
Resplendent in glory to live and to save!
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die.

Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
The being He gave us death can not destroy:
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend:
Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

HARRIET AUBER

BORN 1773

DIED 1862

Out of the quiet and secluded life of this authoress have come some of our sweetest and most inspiring songs. It was not in the nature of Christ to leave us comfortless. He gives so rich a gift that it is expedient, more profitable, for us that He went away.

THE COM- FORTER

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue ;
All-powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless, too.

He comes, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling place,
And worthier Thee !

WM. F. WARREN

BORN 1833—

In this hymn appears how it is expedient that Christ went away. The Spirit leads into all sorts of truth. No disciple, not even John, mourned his departed Lord, the presence of the Ever Blessed Spirit was his. Thank God, the dash follows the date of the author's birth.

OFFICES OF THE SPIRIT

I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship Thee;
My risen Lord for aye were lost
But for Thy company.

I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship Thee;
I grieved Thee long, alas ! Thou know'st
It grieves me bitterly.

I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship Thee;
Thy patient love, at what a cost
At last it conquered me !

I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship Thee;
With Thee each day is Pentecost,
Each night Nativity.

NICOLAUS L. ZINZENDORF

BORN 1700

DIED 1760

The attributes of the Godhead in Blessed Trinity having been learned, man's relation to them and appropriation of their help naturally follows. The author of this hymn was the spiritual helper of John Wesley. Here is salvation to the uttermost. The second stanza repeats Rom. 8:33. The last line of the third stanza expresses the human acceptance of the unspeakable gift. Zinzendorf wrote over one thousand hymns.

A PEAN OF FAITH

JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

CHARLES WESLEY

BORN 1708

DIED 1788

Wesley's exuberance of feeling expressed itself in six thousand hymns. This one desires all that God can do for him. Perception, verse 1; Desire, verse 2; Prayer, verses 3, 4; Faith, verse 5; Result, as Paul says, the love of God shed abroad, like a river, throughout our hearts by the Holy Ghost.

THE REFINING FIRE

JESUS, Thine all victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad :
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire
And make the mountains flow !

O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume !
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call ;
Spirit of burning, come !

Refining fire, go through my heart ;
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

CHARLES WESLEY

BORN 1708

DIED 1788

God says, "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body." Christians should not follow Ananias' example—keeping back part of the price.

SOUL AND BODY CONSECRATED

LET Him to whom we now belong
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

He justly claims us for His own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

Jesus, Thine own at last receive,
Fulfill our heart's desire;
And let us to Thy glory live,
And in Thy cause expire,

Our souls and bodies we resign:
With joy we render Thee
Our all, no longer ours, but Thine,
To all eternity.

RAY PALMER

BORN 1808

DIED 1887

*I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea,
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be,
I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven,
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.*

—Emily Dickinson.

Recall Palmer's priceless hymn, "My faith looks up to Thee."

WHOM NOT HAVING SEEN WE LOVE

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine ;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessèd face and mine.

I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me ;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought
And charms my ravished soul.

Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All-glorious as Thou art.

ISAAC WATTS

BORN 1674

DIED 1748

Of his thousand hymns, this is the most brilliant piece of real poetry Watts ever wrote. Bishop McCabe specially requested me to include this in the fifty-two hymns. He has already "run up with joy the shining way."

TRIUMPHANT JOY

My God, the spring of all my joys
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And Thou my rising sun.

The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows His mercy mine,
And whispers I am His.

My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.

HENRY W. BAKER, BART

BORN 1821

DIED 1877

The author died with the last two lines of verse three upon his lips. He takes up the Lord's own figure of love, tender care, protection, guidance, and provision for all wants. John 10:1-18. "The Good Shepherd layeth down His life for the sheep."

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever?

SAMUEL MEDLEY

BORN 1738

DIED 1799

Medley was appointed to the navy, was in several actions, was wild and worldly till converted in 1760, became pastor of a Baptist Church in 1767. When dying he said, "I am a poor, shattered bark, just about to gain the blissful harbor. How sweet will be the port after the storm!"

MAKE HIS PRAISE GLORIOUS

O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Savior shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress,
My soul shall ever shine.

I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

BORN 1836

DIED 1879

This hymn was written in the jubilation of feeling that followed the conversion of a family of ten where the author went to spend five days. God answered the prayer, "Lord, give me all this house." She says, "The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep." Then she wrote the hymn closing, "Ever, only, all for Thee."

ENTIRE CONSE- CRATION

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord to Thee;
Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.
Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

FREDERICK W. FABER

BORN 1814

DIED 1863

Man's highest glory is to be a co-worker with God. He does not treat us as incompetents. He takes us into partnership. Without Him we can do nothing. Paul may plant and Apollos may irrigate all in vain unless the Chief Partner gives the increase.

CHRISTIAN COURAGE

WORKMAN of God ! O lose not heart
But learn what God is like ;
And in the darkest battlefield
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible.

Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God ;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK

BORN 1857

DIED 1901

This is a rugged hymn, knotted like the muscles of a torso of Hercules. This Presbyterian author used to express his whole nature by saying, when introduced to a stranger, "What can I do for you?" He had strength to spare. He patterned after Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

BE strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle, face it, 't is God's gift.

Be strong!

Say not the days are evil—who 's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!

It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

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HYMN NUMBER 23

J. B. WATERBURY

BORN 1799

DIED 1875

The author was a Presbyterian minister in Boston and elsewhere. Probably human feelings never rise to such intensity as in battle. Hence the Scriptures urge to "put on the armor," "fight the good fight," etc. So hymns ring with the stress of battle.

THE SPIRITUAL WARFARE

SOLDIERS of the cross, arise!
Lo! your Leader from the skies
Waves before you glory's prize,
 The prize of victory.
Seize your armor, gird it on;
Now the battle will be won;
See, the strife will soon be done;
 Then struggle manfully.

Jesus conquered when He fell,
Met and vanquished earth and hell;
Now He leads you on to swell
 The triumphs of His cross.
Though all earth and hell appear,
Who will doubt, or who can fear?
God, our strength and shield, is near;
 We can not lose our cause.

Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
Jesus points the victor's rod;
Follow where your Leader trod:
 You soon shall see His face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
Crowns of glory you shall gain
Soon you 'll join that glorious train
 Who shout their Saviour's praise.

BISHOP HEBER

BORN 1783

DIED 1826

This Bishop of Calcutta gave us some of our grandest hymns, e.g., From Greenland's Icy Mountains, etc.

Many early Christians coveted martyrdom to follow Christ. They wished to suffer with Him in order to be glorified together.

THEY FOLLOW THE LAMB WHITH- ERSOEVER HE GOETH

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save:
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame;
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

SAMUEL F. SMITH

BORN 1808

DIED 1895

A great hymn results from inspiration. This one was written almost without previous thought. It is the most popular of all national hymns. The tune is claimed to have been composed in France by Lulli, is sung in England as "God Save the King," and came to our country first from Germany. It is fit to unite all nations.

NATIONAL HYMN

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

BORN 1771

DIED 1854

The author's early life was in very humble ranks. He was a Moravian after attaining his manhood, and an ardent advocate of the abolition of slavery. He was often fined and imprisoned for his publications, but after 1833 the government gave him a pension of \$1,000 a year for his work as a sacred poet.

THE GOSPEL FOR THE WORLD

O SPIRIT of the living God !

In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order, in Thy path ;
Souls without strength, inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

Baptize the nations ; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

HARRIET AUBER

BORN 1773

DIED 1862

In the infinite dynamics of the spiritual world prayer is a potent instrument. Peter exhorts us "To be in all holy living and godliness looking for and hastening (margin) the coming of the day of God." In that spirit we have a right to pray.

CHRIST'S UNIVERSAL REIGN

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

Mightiest kings His power shall own;
Heathen tribes His name adore;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

Then shall wars and tumult cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise His glorious name;
All His mighty acts record,
All His wondrous love proclaim.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

BORN 1771

DIED 1854

Nothing is more clearly asserted than that the earth is the Lord's, and prophesied than that He shall reign over it. We anticipate and work for it.

THE SHOUT OF JUBILEE

HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks; 't is done!
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away :
Then the end; beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

A. C. COXE

BORN 1818

DIED 1896

*The earth is a graveyard of nations,
but is the home of the triumphant Church.
When godlike men get able to handle the
forces of this world, a new heaven and
a new earth, far more dynamic, will be
given them.*

THE CHURCH PERSISTS

O WHERE are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;

Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made with hands.

SIR JOHN BOWRING

BORN 1792

DIED 1872

One easily conceives that this hymn was written while its author was governor of Hong Kong. To the south and easterly is a range of steep, high hills. Looking up from their unlighted base he might call to the watchman on the height. Its suggestion is in Isa. 21: 11, 12; God's prophets are foretellers.

THE MORNING COMETH

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler, yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet the star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveler, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

ISAAC WATTS

BORN 1674

DIED 1748

We anticipate the Seventh Angel's proclamation that brings such great shouts of rapture in heaven, "The Kingdom of the world is become the Kingdom of our Lord and His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever."

THE WORLD'S GREAT JOY

Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world! the Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

JOSEPH HART

BORN 1712

DIED 1768

The author was at first an infidel, writing the book, "The Unreasonableness of Religion," but being as thoroughly converted as was St. Paul, he became an earnest pastor in London. The one means of making the kingdoms of this world our Lord's, that every one can use, is prayer. Pray the Lord for more laborers.

AGENCY OF PRAYER

PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

'T is prayer supports the soul that 's weak;
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

Depend on Him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; His merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

JOHN A. WALLACE

BORN 1793

DIED 1841

*The author was a Unitarian in Totnes,
and afterward in Wareham, England.
The hymn is Psalm 121 just in modern
language. Behold, He that keepeth Israel
will not slumber, much less sleep. Prayer
can reach that Sleepless Power.*

PRAYER MOVES OMNIPOTENCE

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

But there 's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

FREDERICK W. FABER

BORN 1814

DIED 1863

*The greatest thoughts in the universe
are about God. Thinking about Him
makes the greatest thinkers. Feeling
with Him gives the highest emotion.*

THOUGHT ABOUT GOD

O how the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth!

'T is not enough to save our souls,
To shun the eternal fires;
The thought of God will rouse the heart
To more sublime desires.

God only is the creature's home,
Though rough and straight the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

O utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs!

A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

JOHN E. BODE

BORN 1816

DIED 1874

The author was a rector in the Church of England. It takes two to make a covenant. God styles Himself a Covenant-keeping God. Each party must be true or the covenant is broken.

COVENANTS BIND BOTH

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend:
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

O let me feel Thee near me;
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear:
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

O Jesus Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

COMPOSER UNKNOWN

*The five negatives in the last line are
matched by five in Heb. 13: 5.*

FOUNDATION OF GOD STANDETH SURE

How FIRM a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

“Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

“When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

“When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

“E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

“The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!

FREDERICK W. FABER

BORN 1814

DIED 1863

This is another echo of the martyr spirit. Men joyed and shouted in the flames. But "kindly words and virtuous life" are the longer and sometimes harder tests. Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. Your labor is not alone.

THE FAITH DELIVERED TO THE SAINTS

FAITH of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for Thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach Thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

MADAME GUYON

BORN 1648

DIED 1717

Madame Guyon had all the fire and vivacity of the French blood. She was intense, mystical, thought she had personal visions of Christ, was imprisoned in the Bastile. Her servant, La Gautiere, volunteered to serve her in the prisons, and smuggled her writings outside.

AT HOME WITH GOD ANYWHERE

MY LORD, how full of sweet content,
I pass my years of banishment!
Where'er I dwell, I dwell with Thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime:
I can be calm and free from care,
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'T is equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY

BORN 1740

DIED 1778

The hymn, Rock of Ages, is enough to make any author immortal. It is too well known to require admission in this list. The author was vividly converted in a barn, under a sermon preached on the text Eph 2: 13, by a lowly layman, who could scarcely spell his name.

FAITH AT ALL TIMES

If, on a quiet sea,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the tempest, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to Thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.

Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

JOHN NEWTON

BORN 1725

DIED 1807

"Though I was before a blasphemer and a persecutor and injurious, I obtained mercy because I did it ignorantly, in unbelief. And the grace of our Lord abounded exceedingly with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus."—Paul, 1 Tim. I: 13, 14.

THE DEAREST NAME

How SWEET the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

BORN 1702

DIED 1751

Doddridge was an English Congregational clergyman, the last one of a family of twenty-one children.

There are no high ideals of life, nor means of attaining them, except the Christian.
—Eph. 1: 15-23.

SO RUN AS TO OBTAIN

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'T is God's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

Blest Savior, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

WILLIAM COWPER

BORN 1731

DIED 1800

The Bible shows its power by inspiring a multitude of hymns in its appreciation and praise. Indeed it is the grand pean of all the ages, from the time the morning stars sang together till the new song in the New Jerusalem.

GLORY OF THE SCRIPTURES

A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise:
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

SAMUEL J. STONE

BORN 1839

BUILDED UPON CHRIST

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for Her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till, with the vision glorious,
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

JEMIMA T. LUKE

BORN 1813

*Blossoms of humanity, cherubs who
wandered hither alone, were recognized
by Christ as if He had known them be-
fore. Children easily apprehend the in-
visible. Hence faith in God is as easy
as breathing.*

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
That I might have seen His kind look when He said,
Let the little ones come unto Me.

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above:
In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

STEPHEN G. BULFINCH

BORN 1809

DIED 1870

The author's father was the architect of Boston State House, City Hall, Faneuil Hall, and over forty churches. Heredity makes the son write verse three. He was a Unitarian clergyman.

PRESENT AND ETERNAL SABBATH

HAIL to the Sabbath day!

The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within Thy courts we bend,
And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

But Thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day Thine own;
When man draws near to God:

Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of vast eternity.

Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on Thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

BORN 1807

DIED 1885

DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS

O DAY of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness, most beautiful, most
bright:

On thee, the high and lowly, through ages joined in
tune,

Sing "Holy, holy, holy," to the great God Triune.

On thee, at the creation, the light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation, Christ rose from depths
of earth.

On thee, our Lord, victorious the Spirit sent from
heaven;

And thus on thee, most glorious, a triple light was
given.

To-day on weary nations the heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations the silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing with pure and radiant
beams,

And living water flowing with soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining from this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining to spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises, to Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises to Thee, blest Three
in One.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

BORN 1702

DIED 1751

The greatest event in the universe has celebration in all ages, places, climes, and Christian hearts. It is simple, significant, and brings to remembrance that blessed atonement we all so much need, and which is amply provided. "This is My blood shed for you, and for many, for the remission of sins."

AT TABLE WITH THE LORD

THE King of heaven His table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heaven.

Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

GERARD T. NOEL

BORN 1782

DIED 1851

Christ said with an expressive Hebraism, "With exceeding desire, have I desired to eat this Passover with you."

GRATITUDE AND LOVE

IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh;—
O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died, our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe!

While yet His anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words displayed,—
“Meet and remember Me!”
Remember Thee! Thy death, Thy shame
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But His recorded there!

WILLIAM F. LLOYD

BORN 1791

DIED 1853

Lloyd was an English layman, and an enthusiastic Sunday-school worker. When John Huss was praying beside the stake he said, "My times are in Thy hand. Into Thy hands I commit my spirit."

OUR TIMES IN GOD'S
HAND (Psa. 31: 15)

My times are in Thy hand:
My God, I wish them there:
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee,

My times are in Thy hand;
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

My times are in Thy hand;
I 'll always trust in Thee
And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall forever be.

JOSIAH CONDOR

BORN 1790

DIED 1855

THE TRANSI- TION

O THE hour when this material
Shall have vanished like a cloud,
When amid the wide ethereal
All the invisible shall crowd,
And the naked soul surrounded
With realities unknown,
Triumphs in the view unbounded,
Feel herself with God alone.

In that sudden, strange transition,
By what new and finer sense,
Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
And receive the influence?
Angels guard the new immortal,
Through the wonder-teeming space,
To the everlasting portal,
To the spirit's resting-place.

Can I trust a fellow-being?
Can I trust an angel's care?
O Thou Merciful All-seeing,
Beam around my spirit there;
Jesus, blessed Mediator,
Thou the airy path hast trod;
Thou, my Judge and Consummator,
Shepherd of the fold of God.

BERNARD OF CLUNY

DATES UNKNOWN

THE NEW JERU- SALEM

JERUSALEM the golden, with milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation sink heart and voice op-
pressed:

I know not, O I know not what social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory, what light beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion, all jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel, and all the martyr
throng;

The Prince is ever in them, the daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd are decked in glorious
sheen.

There is a throne of David; and there, from care re-
leased,

The song of them that triumph, the shout of them that
feast;

And they who with their Leader, have conquered in
the fight,

Forever and forever are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessèd country, the home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country that eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy brings us to that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father, and Spirit, ever blest.

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